

1925 FALL

A. C.
Junior College
Magazine



Arkansas City, Kansas



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on Christmas morning
“Just what I wanted!”
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We are proud of the wonderful showing made by this college in athletics and are doubly proud to announce that we sold most of the football and basket ball equipment. The college is a real asset to Arkansas City and a booster for home loyalty.

COLLINSON

Station P E P Broadcasting
From Room 6---A. C. College

Arkansas City, Kansas,
U. S. A.

— — — — —

"Our Journalism class sends all the best wishes in the world to everyone in the college,—faculty and students,—for the Christmas season and the New Year. So, Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, Joyful Easter, and Birthday Greetings to you all."

Station P E P signing off for 1925.

— — — — —

Station P E P Signing Off
for 1925

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



The words "Merry Christmas"—very ordinary, and used a great deal, but hackneyed?—No, never, and never will they be. Those two simple words reveal in themselves a heart full of love and good wishes toward all men. "Merry Christmas"—that means love, fellowship, and good will.

How beautiful it is, that we have been given a day that is so inspiring, whose very name sheds its light and warmth to everyone. To the kiddies it means toys and candy, to the mother the return of her prodigals, to the aged, a blessed day of Thanksgiving.

It is the least we can do, the most we can say. And again may we use the words that have stood the test of the ages?—We wish to you a **MERRY CHRISTMAS** and a **HAPPY NEW YEAR.**



EDITORIAL STAFF

ROBERT PARMAN, Business Manager.

College Journalism Class

LEVIA SLATER
LEVIA SLATER
DONALD WILSON
LOUISE STONER

VERNON SMITH
VERA MITCHELL
MISS BESS M. CLOUGH, Faculty
Member

FOREWARD

This is our first edition of the A. C. Junior College Magazine, and we hope that every student and every person into whose hands this magazine may fall will appreciate the effort that we five students and our adviser have put forth to make this a first-class college magazine. We have found much pleasure in publishing this magazine and have also profited by the experience of news-writing, but your loyal support and co-operation will increase our gratitude twofold.

In placing this magazine before you students of the Junior College, it is the purpose of our journalism class to uphold the ideals of the college and give you our best, whether prose, poetry, humor, or otherwise. Your troubles and joys, or those of the Junior College are ours and we will try to present them as interestingly as possible.

In this initial attempt we may have overlooked details of importance and

will accordingly be willing to receive any criticisms or suggestions which you may offer for the good of the magazine.

Drop around and tell them to us; we may be able to use them to advantage in our next edition.

Is Christmas coming, Well, I should smile,

It's been coming for a good long while---

Eventually it will get here. Children everywhere will get their playthings, will play with them for a time—then cast them aside. They awaited the coming impatiently, but with the passing their thoughts became otherwise occupied.

So, with this first issue of the magazine. It's been a long time getting here; you've waited patiently and inquired impatiently.

Now it's here—Read it!

And enjoy it as much as the contributors have.

EDITORIAL

Probably everyone has noticed, some time or other, the "Keep Smiling" signs that adorn the walls of several up-town stores. Your eyes probably glanced at it for a second, but nothing out of the ordinary registered in your brain. Did you ever stop to think of the meaning behind those two magic words? Of course you have read articles before about being cheerful and the like, but one is too apt to forget and it is well to impress the fact on his mind often.

Don't take the sign too literally and smile continually. Such a person would be quite uninteresting, and would present a rather peculiar aspect. But neither go around all day long with a terrible frown on your face. Try to strike a happy medium and you will find out that there is nothing like a smile to help you to keep and gain friends.

ORGANIZATIONS AND COLLEGE LIFE, PAST AND PRESENT

Man has always wanted to organize. From the day when Adam sacrificed a portion of his anatomy for the relief of solitude, like has sought like.

It would have been difficult for Socrates or Galileo to say why men organize, but they do, they always have, and always will.

And as we move on, living in the traditions of the past, building and bettering ourselves with dreams of the future, we find ourselves naturally falling into the instinctive pleasure of organization.

For a school as young as our Junior College we can proudly point to the progressive steps we have taken in this line.

THE LETTER CLUB, which is composed of valiant warriors who have fought for Junior College unflinchingly, receives praise and glory from the most reserved instructor to the most blase' freshie.

The Dramatic work in the college has been a means of bringing before the public some good talent. In the comedy, "Am I Intruding?" the best talent in the college was represented, as was also true of "Honor Bright." The public speaking class has been responsible for many of the short plays given in chapel, and members of the class have been on numerous country school programs.

The first college debate team was organized last year with Oscar Renn as coach. The team had two high school debaters around which to build. The teams won their debate with Carthage, Mo., and lost the second to Parsons Junior College.

The subject to be debated by the Junior colleges this year is—Resolved: That Congress should adopt Col. Mitchell's plan for a single department of national defense in the cabinet with three equal branches of army, navy and air. K. R. Galle will coach the debate team this year, and will have Geo. Stanley and Robert Parman of last years' team and several debaters from last year's high school team to build his team.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL is composed of two students from each class and has a student president. Their motive is to cultivate the college spirit and direct the school life.

THE Y. M. C. A. AND Y. W. C. A. hold their regular religious meetings

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PHOTOS

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once a week. This promotes Christian fellowship among the students.

THE SPANISH CLUB is open to every student in the Spanish Department. The chief aim is to arouse an interest in the people and literature of the Spanish speaking people. The meetings are informal, and include contests, readings, anecdotes, and plays.

THE FRENCH CLUB—Fleur-de-lys, includes the students studying French. The purpose is to become better acquainted with the French customs and the French literature. The meetings are very interesting because of the clever programs given. These programs are varied, including short plays, songs, games, and readings.

THE GLEE CLUBS—for men and women—combine pleasure and training in their efforts to become more perfect. Upon several occasions these clubs have provided musical numbers for programs and entertainments. Last year "The Bohemian Girl" was successfully given.

In the state declamatory contests at Parsons last spring, Margaret Rothfus won the college's first loving cup by taking first honors in oratory.

The college has established an active social life. The classes, organizations, and college as a whole have enjoyed the social functions in the form of hikes, wiener roasts, informal parties, and more formal affairs. It is mainly due to these socials that the students have become acquainted and united as one large family. To this might also be credited the growth of a college spirit which has been loyal to the current activities of the college. As "pep" generators or as a means of keeping this spirit aroused, each year cheer leaders have been elected.

Each year Dean E. Q. Brothens has added to the college curriculum. The new courses have attracted many more students to our small college. Work in the junior college counts the same as work in the larger institutions of the state, and is accepted by them.

The first class to be graduated from the college went to the expense and trouble of putting out an annual, "The Pioneer." They rightfully deserve to be proud of their edition, for it contained a tabulated account of the initial activities of the college, and was written in an entertaining manner. No class since that time has attempted to issue an annual.

It was three years ago when the

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ers think of

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ors and you'll be sure to be
pleased.

J. T. BROWN

first college paper, "The Pepper Box" was issued. It was a single, hand-written sheet which was pinned on the bulletin board so that all might read and was later sold to the highest bidder. This was the prelude to The College Crier, and now it has been laid aside and this magazine substituted in its stead.

Owing to the lack of material in the high school library, a college library has been established and is rapidly growing in size. Each year new books are being added to its shelves.

We love our Alma Mater and at the present it is perhaps endeared to us more than ever before by the winning of the state junior college conference football championship.

Yes, we should celebrate; raise the flag on high and pat the brid heroes on the back, to show our appreciation. But first of all we should remember those who have made it possible for our Junior college—The people of Arkansas City. It was in the spring of 1922 that they voted to organize such an institution, that their young people might have the advantage of two years' college education.

Then there were "the pioneers," those who started the various organizations of the college and its traditions.

Bravely, a few spirited men, with Lawrence Chaplin as coach, launched the college's first basket ball season in 1923. The following year, Daniel Stark took charge of the basket ball team, which won the majority of its games. Last season Coach Stark had a better team, which, however, due to the improvement of its opponents, broke even in the number of games won and lost.

It was against still greater odds that a football team was organized in the college last year. Thirteen men, only four or five of whom had had any high school experience, gallantly battled through the season, being defeated every game and not making a score till the final quarter of the last game. They usually held the opponents scoreless the first half, but lacked the experience and training to hang together for the entire game. With the advent of high school stars into the college and most of the lettermen back, the second season of football was marked by winning the state championship.

Last spring three boys, who were trackmen in high school, went to the state meet and won more points than

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Every dress marked at a saving.
Other lots at \$16.75, \$22.75, \$29.75,
\$39.75 and \$49.75.

NEWMAN'S
Of Course

they had anticipated. A better showing should be made this spring.

The college is now on the eve of its basket ball season, which has the brightest outlook in the history of the school. Competition for berths on the team is strong and Coach Stark will have a second team which will be nearly as good as the first.

The women of the college have been active in athletics. Miss Edith Davis has been responsible for the girls' teams. The past two years, basket ball teams have been formed. After a series of interclass games, a varsity squad was chosen to represent the college. Both seasons the "Tigerettes" have lost to the Newkirk basketeers.

Both the men and the women of the college have organized athletic clubs. The women's club organized a system whereby they may win letters by being credited with 500 points for active part in basket ball, volley ball, tennis, and other athletics. The mens' club has been for the purpose of determining the requirements to win a letter in the college sports. The club has also had social events.

Students in the junior college today may yet class themselves as the pioneers, as there is yet room for the further development of the present activities and facilities of the college, and the organization of new phases of college life.

Above all, the college needs a building of its own. The high school and college should in no way be correlated with each other. A new state tax curtailed any possibility of new schools being built in Arkansas City the past year.

In closing this brief survey of the junior college's past, the possibility of a separate building for the college is the best thought the writer can leave with his readers. You should boost for it; talk for it; and you are, or soon will be, able to vote for it.

The clock was striking eleven and he started to leave but she said, "Don't go dear. How long have you loved me?"

"For darn near three hours and my arm is getting tired."

BEING A LETTER FROM AN**A. C. J. C. GIRL TO HER FATHER**

Dear Daddy:—

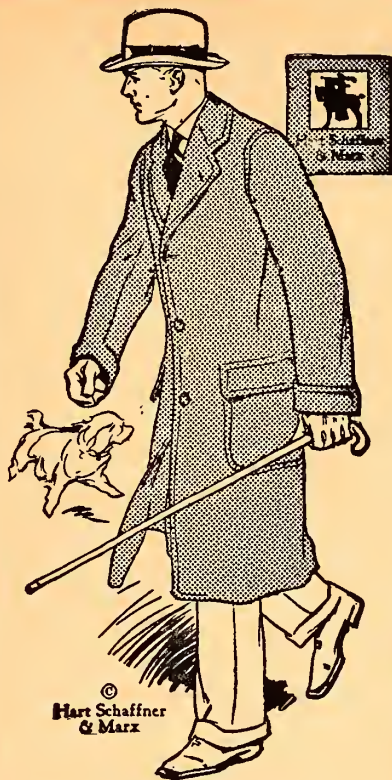
So you want to hear more about that marvelous team of ours besides regular newspaper dope, do you? I heard you say not so long ago that football never amounted to much in small colleges. Well, you ought to see our team play—any team that can win State Championship is some team and believe me we're proud of them. Which reminds me I'll need some money (extra) to go to the Thankgiving game at Winfield.

I'm sending you the pictures of two of the fellows that I cut out of a poster; aren't they husky looking? I've numbered them on the back. No. 1 is George Stanley, the captain. He's six feet and some odd inches tall, and he doesn't leave any gaps at right guard. The other real tall one, is "Big" Mac; Robert McMichael is the rest of it. He plays left tackle and is so good they don't even have a sub for that position. He never gets knocked out and he hasn't missed his man—ever; people stop when he hits them. His younger brother, George, was a sort of "utility" man all season—he played everywhere, center, tackle, end, half, quarter and full—just an all around player. He's in the line now, left end, since he's well again. He broke his collar bone in the Alva game. z

The star touchdown maker is Weller (II). I imagine he's made so many touchdowns in his life that he takes them as a matter of course—he reels them off four and five at a time. He's nicknamed "Red Grange" but I think "Clycone" or something else in a hurry would be more appropriate. He is so fast that the opposing team stops to watch him run—after they've decided that they can't possible catch him.

'Huck' Houston was out of the game at the first of the season because of his knee, but he's in now and he plays football just as he does everything else, systematically and all in game.

I don't know why they call the quarter 'Willie'—his name's Willis Barr; he isn't at all like that, even if he does part his hair on one side and is comparatively small. A favorite he certainly is and has a smile that is almost—well, I think he makes half his gains by displaying that grin of his along with a whole being full of grit. Some big husky rolled on his ankle and put him on crutches for a couple of days, but he played in the next game a week later. Imagine his jumping rope on one foot and a crutch—he did just that at our picnic.



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NEWMAN'S
Of Course

Ahdunko, I don't know so very well; he's new here. Just came down from Rowe Institute where he played center. He's playing the same here, successfully. They call him 'Goose Egg', but he counts for two of them with a one before. Fact, we think 100% of all of our men.

Smith and Smith are next in line or rather Smythe and Schmitt as they designate themselves. Rakie plays end and Vernon center. No they aren't brothers, except in spirit. We'll hear more from them when basketball comes around, for that's their long suite. Meantime, they play good football.

The cheerfulest, solomnest man on the squad is Chief Wilson. He smiles wide and long, even when he's hurt. But when he gets the ball and starts downfield, that smile becomes fixed and has terrorized many a good tackle that would fain stop our fullback's progress.

Hardy and MacMahon are two other basketball constellations playing football to fill in time and making good their positions. The former is that handsome halfback that always makes such a hit. 'Mac' is the Scotch tackle that makes hits, also.

That man called Young is playing football for the first time this year; made the team the first night he came out for practice—pretty good, n'est-cepas? He's played practically every quarter this season. Two more men—both brown eyed—that I'm not so well acquainted with, are Otis Kelly, end, and Bill Otey, tackle. They both swing a wicked football and a wickeder line of conversation. Kelly has been going round with one and a half eyebrows since he got the other half scraped off. The effect is----?

One of the biggest, most substantial men in the line is Courtland West—a stop signal that nobody ran over.

In ordinary clothes Bob Parman seems very small and handsome, but football clothes amplify his size if not his looks. He has been out for the last three games because of some dislocated or broken ribs and we certainly miss those flashy little, or rather big plays he has been making all last year and the first part of this. Archie Richards is a funny guy, always cracking jokes or somebody's head. He's been playing half and end—not both at the same time, however.

But how I've raved on! Really, don't you think they're a good gang of fellows. We surely do. I can hardly wait for the Thanksgiving game. The Junior College League games we played

were with Independence, Iola, and Parsons Junior Colleges. Scores: Independence 6—A. C. 26.

The game with Parsons was the best of the season, played just after Chief came back from his title vacation. The team had so much pep that they just



GEORGE STANLEY
Captain 1925

naturally mopped up on the Parsons gang. We won, 33 to 0.

I didn't see all the games and I couldn't tell you much more about them if I had. Our first game with Southwestern Reserves we lost 3 to 0. The Alva team outweighed and outplayed us, it was reported, but Weller 'kicked' and the game was ours, 3 to 0. The Saturday we played Tonkawa I had to work and only saw about fifteen minutes of the 4th quarter—when I got there they had most of the team on the bench, administering tape and such like. It was a tough game for the gang—especially the 23 to 0 part. Then we lost to St. John's 13 to 12—maybe because of the shifts in our line or maybe because The Saints were lucky. I'd hate to say!

That Claremore team had a passing scheme that almost passed us out. It was a pleasure to watch those passes; they were positively artful. And at that they only beat us 23 to 13. Altogether our scores totaled 144 and the opponents' 79, a two to one average—not so bad, eh?

Next comes THANKSGIVING AND SOUTHWESTERN? The game is called at ten o'clock and everybody is going, so don't forget to send that money. If I've left out anything you'd like to know, remind me when you send the "CHECK" letter! etc.

P. S. A week later—I just found this (ahem) stowed away in my Spanish book; no wonder I didn't get any Thanksgiving mail. As a result your daughter almost had to go "turkeyless and without cranberries." I've just read this epistle over and it seems pretty much a conglomeration of meaningless words, but, I haven't time to rewrite it, so make the best of it.

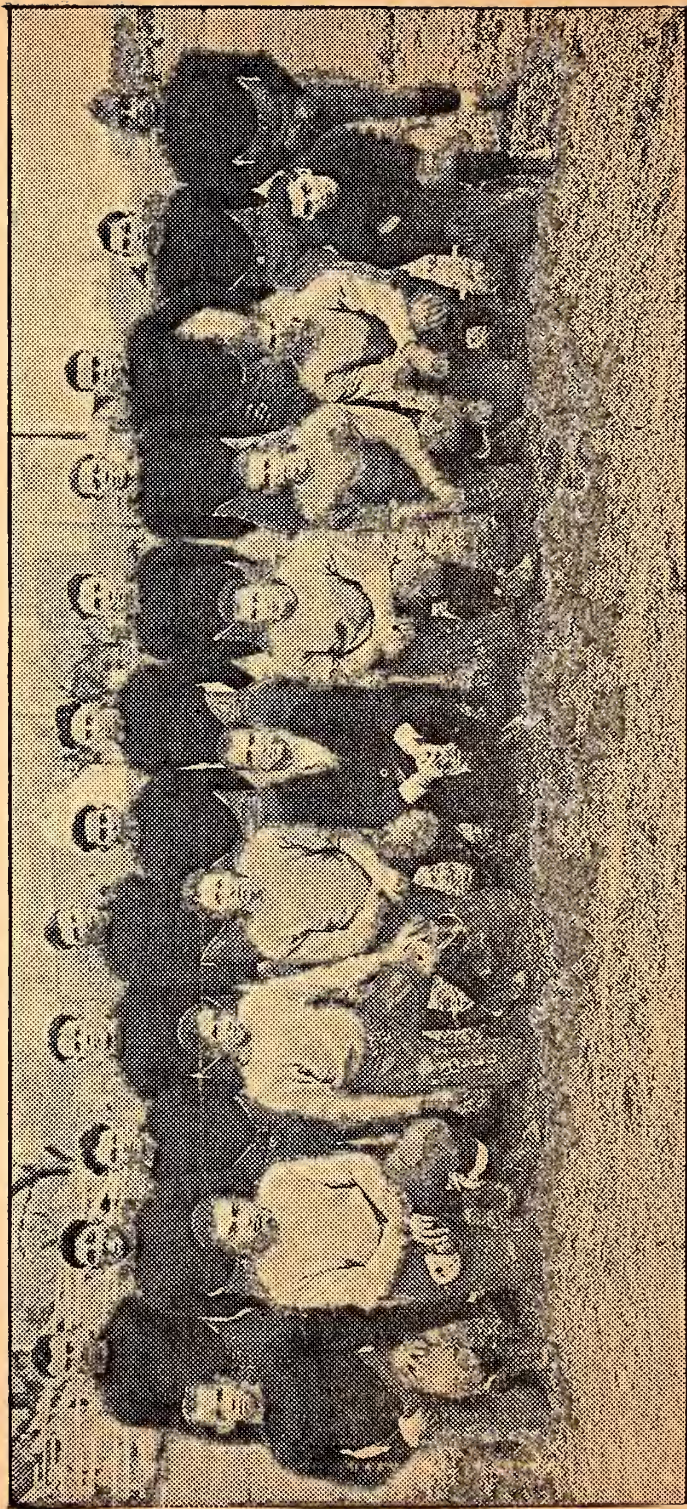
I 'spect you know we won—we did 19 to 6. Every fellow played the best game of his life, almost, and say, it WAS GREAT! Weller made two sensational touchdowns, per usual, and Hardy made the other. I can't get over the way those fellows played—Macmahon, Richards, Feasel—Say, I'd forgotten him until now. Ki, Yi, Yackles; see that tackle is him, Turkey day. He's good all the time but sometimes he's better and Thursday was his best day.

Oh yes, I met Coach Cooley last night at a football dinner or rather an A. C. J. C. dinner to which the squad was invited. I just can't imagine those gentle tones of his having any effect on a football team. Maybe he talked differently on the field. Anyhow, he coached a champion team.

The dinner was quite a success too, only the players were supposed to bring dates and most of them didn't, so the company was largely masculine. ever, that didn't interfere with our having a good time. Mr. Brothers, Mr. Cooley and Mr. Stanley gave talks—George gave an address (Pardon). Weller was elected captain for next year, and we departed for home or elsewhere.



LOUIS WELLER
Capt. Elect. 1926



A. C. JUNIOR COLLEGE TEAM 1925 Champions of Kansas

THE PEANUT VENDER: MAE MARSH

Selling peanuts and candy at a football game certainly furnishes a diversion other than that of watching the game. In fact very little of the game is seen by the amateur saleswoman. You start out with a nicely arranged basket—red wrappers against yellow ones, enclosing chocolate covered delicacies of creamy fudge and oozy cherries; scattered among them are well-filled bags of hot peanuts; these are to be sold to those who desire them and often to a good-natured friend having no desire for sweets. The name, "Y. W. C. A." is the magic word which sells many a package. Many things happen to an inexperienced peanut vender. First, or usually first, you drop your basket and in the scramble to recover all the candy bars you burst several peanut sacks. But there is always a group of small boys standing around who are only too willing to help you pick them up. As long as your supply of peanuts lasts you call their sale long and loud without much success, but when, with a "There I, have sold the last sack," you put your basket on your arm, ready to enjoy the game, someone is sure to call for more "goobers." Lacking this diversion, asking change for a dollar from a whole handful of dimes and nickles offers something in the way of variety, especially if your customer is one who expects a crackling dollar bill in exchange for one "Tom Henry" and a silver dollar. Soon your basket becomes a "conglomeration" of colored wrappers which should be around those crumbled nut bars lacking part of their chocolate coating. No matter—they all sell, since everyone at a football game must eat as he watches and yells. Then, after the excitement and rush of supplying your customers' needs is over and you leave the field, dragging your basket behind you, you wonder how it happened that you did not see Weller's swift end-run for a touchdown or the long flight of the ball as it left "Huck's" toe.

Sheik—"I could die dancing with you!"

Sheba—"It's about killing me too!"

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Ye know the joke about why the chicken crossed the road, but we won't Pullet.

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PRAISE

Did you ever stop to think that over-praise is as harmful as not enough? The recipient of the praise is generally as embarrassed by it as the rest of the group of which he is a member. Although he may be a spectacular and very good player, he could not be if it were not for the rest of the team. Some people, and newspapers, never take this into consideration. Hard feeling could be caused among the team if the boys were not all such good sports. Even the object of such "lavish" praise feels that it is unfair to feature him throughout the story of the game. Sport writers, in fact everyone, will always give the credit to the "show" man, although the rest of the team deserves just as much. "Stew bad, 'stew bad' but since time began the spectacular events were given the best piece of cake.

A LOYAL ROOTER

Arkansas City College has one loyal rooter at least. At every game a little freckle-faced, sandy-haired boy in tattered overalls is seen perched on the front row, or out in the field in front of the bleachers, yelling for anyone and everyone in the game. He is always ready to ask questions of anyone willing to listen a second, and always asks several times: "Is that'n Wellard," whenever a run is made. He'll make the kind of rooter that comes out rain or shine to see "His Team" fight.

BIG MOVIE PARTY

Probably no one in Arkansas City knew that there were many doubles of screen stars in the A. C. college. There are! Every star from Charles Chaplin to Pola Negri was well represented at the college party. Levia Slater as Richard Barthlemess in "Classmates," and Willis Barr as Harold Lloyd in "The Freshman" took the prizes offered.

The party was given the stars in order to see the preview of "The Tiger's Revenge", the Doolittle Motion Picture Company's latest serial. An all-star cast made the serial one of the best of its kind.

To use a time-worn expression, delicious refreshments were served; they really were "keen," according to various reports.

The menu was as follows:

Meat Salad	Olives
Bread and butter sandwiches	Punch
Potato chips	Cranberry Ice and
Lady Fingers	

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See our Christmas cards.

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THE AUTUMN IS WITH US AGAIN; MARGARET PARSONS

Some people think of the autumn as a dreary and melancholy time of the year, because they contemplate only the passing of the lovely things of summer and do not remember the pleasures of the fall. Mental pictures appear before them of the birds' flying south and of the flowers' and the butterflies' dying. They forget the treasures which Mother Nature gives to her children for the things that she takes away. They cannot conceive of the peaceful quiet of the grey rainy September days; they have not the spirit to enjoy the sunny skies of October; and they do not take time to watch the gradual growth in the fall coloring. They do not notice that the Indian summer holds the bonniest weather in the year, neither too warm nor too cold, but like the possessions of the littlest bear, in the story of Goldie Locks, just right. Autumn bestows many products of the harvest upon the world,—vegetables, apples, grains, and nuts are all to be gathered and the harvest moon shines upon a tranquil world. However, many people take these things as a matter of course; they pay for what they get in dollars and cents and do not know or care how much of sunshine, rain, and toil it takes to make the crops grow.

I like the autumn the best of all the seasons. It seems to me the most perfect time of the entire year, for in spring I feel lazy, in summer the weather is too warm, while in winter the days are disagreeable and cold; but in the fall I receive a surplus of energy which gives me a desire to perform wonderful undertakings. The cool winds urge me on and I have a happy optimism that I shall fulfill my highest ambitions. I am glad because life is good; the present is full of many pleasant surprises and adventures. I enjoy everything as it comes my way, and for awhile I lose the little fears of what the morrow may have in store for me. All the while I watch for the autumn to manifest itself in the beautiful shades of coloring which the woods and hills acquire.

Each year I watch the changes in Nature take place. This year I have a good excuse to go to the woods, as I go to hunt mushrooms. My basket on my arm is my passport, for it helps me pass any serious matter-of-fact person, without being questioned. The real reason why I follow the path to the woods is that I wish to watch the approach of the autumn. The important work I

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**SOLLITT & SWARTS
DRUG CO.**

leave behind me will be done later;—important work always does get done. It is only the little joyous things, which the practical-minded person regards as unimportant, that get crowded out; so, light heartedly, I put my most adventuresome foot foremost, toss my worries aside and enter the quiet woods. A chattering bluejay scolds me, flying, as he does so, further into the thicket of trees. A brown-grey cotton tail hurries out of the way; as he scurries along the cow paths I watch his funny, bobbing white tail as long as I see it in the distance. The wind is a warm southern zephyr, yet there is an indescribable something in it which speaks as if the autumn had just arrived. The little wind teases me with many impertinent questions; perhaps it is only some of my conscience which tags along with me; anyway the wind and I have this conversation:

Wind: Are all the vegetables gathered which frost will hurt? I may be coming down from the North tomorrow, blowing straight from the lands of the icebergs.

I: Never mind about them, Wind, there is plenty of time for gathering the vegetables,—see how beautifully shimmery-white those slender 'shaggy-

manes' shine beneath their rough brown coats.

Wind: Have you plenty of dry wood and kindling brought in for the morning fire? It may rain tonight, you know, and get everything wet.

I: I am not worrying about the kindling now, Wind; let me enjoy my hour of leisure,—oh here are the 'grays'; see how close together they grow. They are in clusters instead of growing singly, as do the "shaggy-manes". Some of the 'grays' are lopsided, because they have grown compact.

Wind: Is the house cleaning finished? Cold weather is on the way.

I, in disgust: Bother house-cleaning. A fig to anyone who will stay indoors and poke around to discover spiderwebs on a day like this. I think that with these giant puff balls, I have enough mushrooms now for dinner. I go now to the house and I shall try to accomplish a few of the tasks you have suggested; I hope you are satisfied. Good day, Wind.

As I retreat through the sweet clover field I look again at the woods and notice that, besides the reds of the woodbine and the sumac, which have been brilliant for a week, there is here and

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there a suggestion of yellow, marking the places where the elms and the paw-paws stand.

The next trip to the woods, I find that the woodbine leaves are falling, making a gay carpet. The acorns are falling; the smooth cups are from the white oak and the large shaggy cups come from the burr oaks. The paw-paws have become a clear bright yellow overnight. My third trip to the woods reveals the fact that the oak trees are no longer bright green but are brown and sometimes yellow-green. They are giving notice that soon they too will be dressed in autumn shades. Most of them will be red brown, while a few will have a bit of orange. It will not be long now until all the trees and vines will don their festive garments.

And some people there are in the world who fancy that they can see, in a single hour's visit to the country, all that Nature is capable of showing them. They are again mistaken. They are as unable to see all in one hour as to see all in one picture. A picture can show only one mood; it can show no more. One must live in the country to receive the full significance of autumn. One must watch it grow day by day, observing the while all the gradual ad-

vances of the season, until the height of its glory is reached, in early November. And there are other things to be appreciated besides the coloring of the leaves. For instance, there is the flash of the red bird, and later an occasional flash of the scarlet tanager, come from nowhere to pay a brief visit. The sunsets too have more yellows and reds in the fall than they displayed in the summer months. The cool clear nights impress one that the heavens are far above the earth; but the rainy nights come and then the sky seems almost near enough to touch. Then it is that one thinks of snow and of arising in the morning to a white world. In the daytime the shadows upon the landscape are forever changing, and with every change a new picture is formed from our fields, hills, and river valley; by a little alternation, a shifting in the shadows, a different picture is portrayed.

Then beside all these changes, the fall is the time of the year when fogs form over the river; then it is that I arise early in order to see it in the making, for I want to see every step as it is taken and not miss a single particle. First, it is only a thin ribbon, lying close to the river, but when I next

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notice it, this ribbon has spread out and has risen until I see only the tips of the trees appearing above it. Then, after the mist has risen still more, the trees become a mere outline underneath it, and after this, the fog arises in great white and grey-white, fleecy, cloud-like billows. I feel as if I were on a mountain top looking down upon the clouds. I need not travel in order to see wonderful sights; since I live in the country, marvelous sights come to me and behold, this morning I am above the clouds. I am in a world enchanted; everywhere is fairyland and the fog is so gorgeous that I think it cannot be real and that I will presently awake to find it all a dream. The mist, by slow degrees, settles around the house, blotting out the view of other far-away hilltops; at the same time the fog becomes more solid grey in color and less beautiful. When the sunlight disperses the mist, it withdraws to the river again, but now it goes in stray wisps and not in the well organized volume in which it rose from the valley not long before. Soon, every trace of the fog is wiped from the landscape; I do not know where it has gone, I know only this about it: It was here, I enjoyed it, and now it is no more. In-

deed, in this respect it is truly a fairyland.

Hunting this morning for the usual mushrooms, I found a tree loaded with bright red plums, and knowing that timber plums only ripen when touched by frost, I know that winter is on the way. Soon the autumn will depart and in its place winter will reign. Some signs of the winter have already appeared, of nipping winds and rustling leaves and a few days of grey skies. Autumn and winter blend into each other as the mist blends into rain. I cannot tell where one ends and the other begins; but this winter, when it has come to stay, when I am popping corn over a red hot fire, I will think with pleasure of all the delightful remembrances that Nature has bequeathed to me in the autumn.

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GATEWAY TO CHICAGO

Winding in and out of the ever-changing crowd at the Santa Fe station at Chicago for the first time, sixteen and olne, leaves on the exposed mind a film of miniature tragic and comic scenes. People are moving everywhere—some coming, others going. The place is scented with tobacco smoke occasionally mixed with cheap perfume.

A lean faced man eagerly smokes cigarettes as he crosses and uncrosses his legs and watches the hands on the clock edge their way along. Another man, a traveling man, calmly reads the latest edition of The Chicago Tribune. And I am not the only one who is closely guarding his suitcase and at the same time trying to see everything at once.

At the book-stand, magazines are being bought. The buyers make their choice hurriedly, often selecting the one with the most attractive cover. These I pass by, for I have not had time to read the one I bought before leaving home.

A call-boy, whom I would swear knew not a word of English, announces the next train. People gather up bundles and grips and make for the big iron

gates. From the engine shed there is a dull roar of the purring locomotives. As people off the incoming train flock through the gates, some near by-standers become frantic as they recognize their friends, whom they have not seen for twenty years perhaps. There are tears, laughter, and kisses.

But to me, as I hurry into the engine shed to take the west-bound train, it seems a tragedy. Most of the faces are thin and hostile and there do not seem to be as many smiles as there are back home. I feel suppressed with the grim wonder of it all—the daily drama of Chicago life where people of all classes rub shoulders.

WERE I A PAINTER— I'd Give—

Edna Clampett's neck to Gertrude Gill
Louise Stoner's legs to Mildred Boggs
Levia Slater's hair to Anita Nix
Bob McMichael's height to Donald Wil-
son

Helen Alexander's feet to Claire Fussell
Jerry Parker's disposition to Della
Lynds

Donald Wilson's grace in the ball room
to Weller.



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SIGHTS AT THE RAILROAD STATION

As we stood in the Wilmington dock waiting for the electric car that was to take us back to Los Angeles, I took the opportunity to glance around the waiting room at the different types of persons there.

In one corner of the room sat a harassed young mother, in deep mourning, with three small children, one of them a baby in arms, and the other two about three or four years of age and as active as normal youngsters of that age usually are. As she sat there trying to keep them in order, an elderly woman with snowy white hair, and twinkling blue eyes came up and offered to watch them, much to the mother's evident relief and gratification.

My attention was distracted by a group of scholarly looking gentlemen in cut-away coats and salk plug hats. One of the men had a vivid blue silk ribbon across the front of his shirt, with some kind of insignia on it. With them was a tall, blonde woman in a beautiful grey squirrel coat. In her arms she carried a monkey. There was a newspaper man, and also a cameraman taking pictures. I was unable to learn who they were, for at that minute the electric car came and everyone rushed

down the runway to board it.

After we were seated and the train was about ready to pull out I noticed a man with crutches, with a "Help Me" sign around his neck, hurrying to catch the train. At last, thinking he was going to miss it, he picked up his crutches and ran down the runway just as the conductor swung aboard.

FACULTY PICNIC

One Friday evening early in September a noisy and happy group of college students and faculty motored to the Jarvis farm for the annual faculty picnic. Many games were played, the foremost of which was baseball. Some future Walter Johnsons and "Goose" Goslins were seen in action. Several of the girls had ukes and played soulful (?) selections for the crowd. After everyone had worked up a healthy appetite, weiners, buns, pickles, coffee, ice cream and cookies were served. When the tired crowd adjourned everyone declared they had been right royally entertained, and expressed hopes of another picnic soon.

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CHAPELS

The first Junior college assembly for the year 1925 was held Thurs., Sept. 18th. Dean Brothers led the devotionals and gave a short talk about the beginning of the new school term. Mr. Feldmann then took charge of the assembly and led the students in three or four songs. After the singing, Mr. Feldmann introduced to the students, Mr. Archie A. Sam Romani, the new orchestra and band director. He favored the students with two cornet selections. After discussing more school plans, the meeting was adjourned.

Everyone in college enjoyed the chapel program of October 30th, as it marked the "debut" of the Junior college public speaking class. With only a week's preparation, the play, "Dealing in Futures," went over big with the audience.

Robert McMichael took the leading role and played his part to perfection. Others in the cast who did equally as well were: Alice Kirkpatrick, Martha Toot, Mrs. Iris Pfisterer, Mrs. Verne Mitchell, Levia Slater, Helen Alexander and Mildred Boggs. Miss Pauline B. Sleeth should be commended on the way she presented this play.

The college was very fortunate indeed to have Frederick W. Lewis, president of the College of Emporia as principal speaker of the second general assembly. President Lewis especially desired each student to remember the old Chinese proverb, 'If you want anything, pay for it, and take it.' His speech was interesting from beginning to end and he won the admiration of every student and teacher.

Daniel C. Stark took charge of the assembly after President Lewis's talk. After some of his usual wit and humor, Morris Cannon, college cheer leader and his assistant Louise Stoner, led the college in some yells.

Mr. Renn helped to make the armistice chapel of November 11th one to be remembered. He gave a splendid talk that was short and to the point.

A splendid program had also been prepared for this day. Norma Day and Martin Hardy both sang solos, and music was furnished by the Parker Trio. All could have taken encores but the time was limited and they will be heard in some future chapel.

Pep was instilled by our cheer leaders, Louise Stoner and Morris Cannon for the big Iola, A. C. championship

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football game to be played in the afternoon, and the yelling certainly did accomplish a lot, as the resulting score signified.

Junior college students were fortunate to have the Reverend Cosper of the Methodist church talk to them during assembly period of Wednesday, November 25th.

A splendid vocal solo by Miss Anita Nix and two excellent readings by Miss Helen Alexander pleased the student body immensely.

During the latter part of the period, A. C. J. C.'s three Indian stars, Weller, Wilson and Adunko were persuaded to give short pep speeches concerning the Southwestern Thanksgiving football game. Their speeches were followed by two more given by "Red" Vogle of O. U. and Donald Gilbreath of K. U. By this time the students were pepped up to the breaking point and they did break forth in as much noise as one hundred people could possibly make.

From 10:45 to 11:45 o'clock Wednesday morning, December 9th, Junior college students were enjoying another very entertaining chapel hour. The public-speaking, one-act play, "The Lingerie Shop" was interesting from start to finish; especially the finish, which had a regular movie-type of fadeout. But the "smack"

(and it was that in every sense of the word) did not have to be censored, as it only lasted the smallest fraction of a second and besides, the chauffeur was played by a girl. Members of the excellent cast were: Mrs. Vera Mitchell, Mildred Boggs, Alice Kirkpatrick, Martha Toot and Levia Slater.

Chapel was adjourned early in order that short class meeting might be held.

OUR SYNTHETIC GIRL

Geraldine Beck's	Hair
Muriel Mosier's	Eyebrows
Eileen Marshall's	Eyes
Martha Toot's	Eyelashes
Izola Mann's	Nose
Mildred Glasscock's	Mouth
Gertrude Gill's	Teeth
Mildred Boggs'	Build
Edna Clappett's	Clothes
Mable Bowman's	Legs
Nila Long's	Feet
Norma Day's	Wit
Louise Spencer's	Personality
Ellena Andrew's	Brains
Geraldine Parker's	Musical ability
Mae Marsh's	Pep
Claire Fussell's	Good nature
Mae Smith's	Complexion
Levia Slater's	Dimples
Alice Kirkpatrick's	Laugh
Anita Nix's	Voice

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GLORIA HEADS THE PROCESSION

Glourious Gloria Swanson seems to lead all of the other moving picture actresses in popularity among the students of the Arkansas City Junior college. When asked what star they liked best, about every student named Gloria Swanson first, and then proceeded to name some of their other favorites. But Gloria reigned supreme. It was not because of all the notoriety that the little actress has received since marrying a title, but because of her ability, her force of personality. Most students liked her French-made picture, "Madame Sans Gens," and her wonderful characterizations of old-age in the "Coast of Folly," but it is as a commedienne that they like her best. Everyone praised her latest comedy, "Stage Struck". Harold Lloyd, Richard Dix, Charlie Chaplin, Ricardo Cortez, and Ramon Navarro headed the list for the actors, Richard Dix being the favorite among the men, and Ramon Navarro, handsome hero of "Ben Hur" now in the making, favorite of the ladies. It was a strange fact that "America's Sweetheart", Mary Pickford was hardly ever mentioned. It was probably due to the fact that very few of her pictures are shown in Arkansas City.

Another surprising thing was the unpopularity of Rudolph Valentino, famous "first shiek" of screenland. Close to Gloria Swanson in popularity was Colleen Moore, who won international fame from critics and motion picture goers with her portrayal of the flapper role in "Flaming Youth." Every student that saw her as Selina Peake in Edna Ferber's prize-winning story, "So Big," said that was a picture they would never forget. All students, both men and women, agree that Corinne Griffith is one of the leading beauties of the screen. Another favorite beauty is Mae Murray whom students like to see because she is so "good to look at." Some of the students haven't any particular favorites, but go to see them all.

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